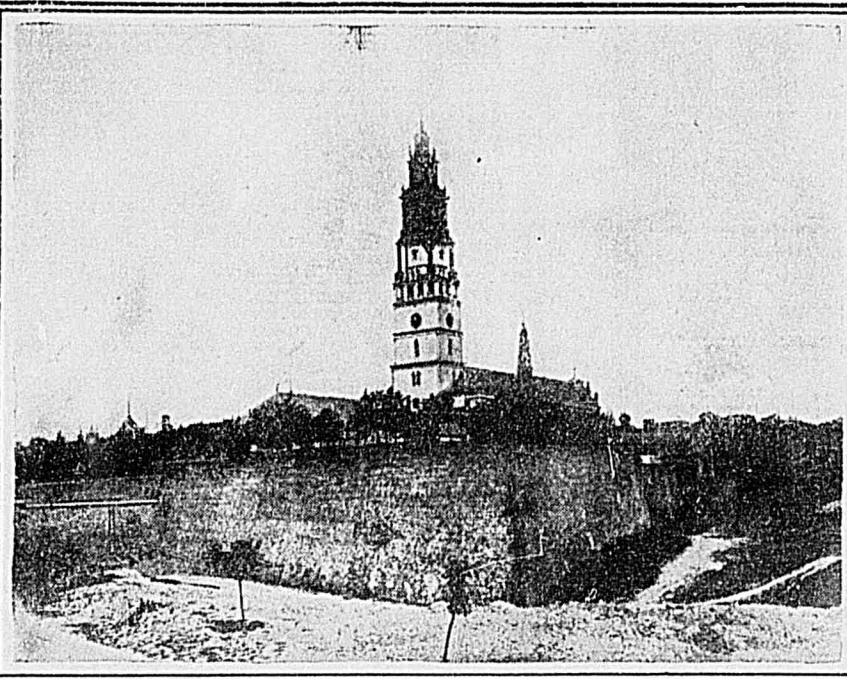


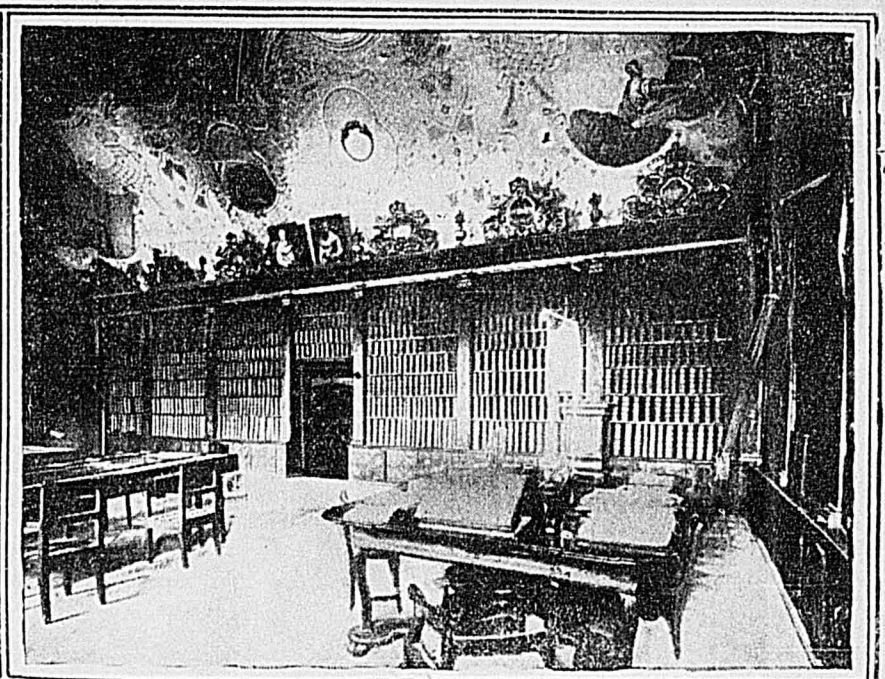
The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



MONKS OF CZENSTOCKOWA.



THE MONASTERY OF CZENSTOCKOWA.



THE MONKS' LIBRARY.

Waldorf Astor Now Signs
An M. P. After His Name

(Special Correspondence.)
LONDON, Dec. 20.—For the past week social life in London has been entirely disorganized by the political upheaval, and from morn until dewy eve politics have been the sole topic of interest even in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair.

One or two well-known American names figure prominently in the fray, and the whole of the great Astor influence on this side has been mobilized to support Waldorf Astor's candidature for Plymouth, which has had a successful result. Young Mr. Astor, to whom his father, William Waldorf Astor, on moving to Hever castle with its memories of Anne Boleyn, near Maidstone, made over the princely demesne of Cliveden, is the moving spirit of the Plymouth evening papers, and in many ways a very attractive and popular personality. "He is married to the beautiful sister of Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, but Mrs. Astor, Jr., has for some time past been in very indifferent health, and consequently has been unable to take a very active part in the campaign. The Astor influence is also at work to secure the return of Capt. Spender Clay for the Tonbridge division of Kent in the Unionist interest, as Mrs. Spender Clay was a Miss Pauline Astor, and is a sister of the member for Plymouth.

In the gallant fight he made against the one and only John Burns in Battersea, Sir John Harrington, who rose from the ranks to become British minister plenipotentiary in Abyssinia, had the assistance of his accomplished wife, who is a daughter of the late Senator James McMillan of Detroit; and Mrs. Lulu Harcourt, a daughter of the late W. H. Burns of New York, who, as the chateaufort of Nuneham, and a political hostess of very general popularity, is a valuable social asset to the government, has been actively canvassing among the mill hands of her husband's Lancashire constituency. As a general rule, American women, once they become initiated into English party politics, tend to become very zealous partisans, and the most invaluable of canvassers.

NAVAL OFFICERS ENTERTAINED.
While general society has been engrossed in politics, there has been very little entertaining except on quite a small scale, though Mrs. John Jacob Astor has been giving a few dinner and luncheon parties at her new house in Portman Square, and the duchess of Marlborough has continued her succession of small luncheon parties at Sunderland house, where I hear several officers of the United States squadron have been among her guests.

Another American hostess, the countess of Essex, who, both for her beauty and her charm of manner, is a very popular figure in London society, has established herself this week at her new address at Bourton house, the uncommonly desirable residence at the corner of Davies street and Berkeley square, which the duke of Westminster placed at her disposal, and gave one or two small parties. She and the earl have practically rebuilt the place, and made it one of the most distinctive and desirable of the smaller houses in Mayfair. The new wing, which has been built on to the old house over what used to be a patch of garden, has increased its previously rather inadequate accommodation considerably, and Lady Essex, with her acknowledged good taste, has furnished most of the paneled reception rooms with old oak, and has succeeded admirably in retaining the old-world charm of the house.

Mrs. Bently has been in residence at Hanover Lodge, her fine house in Regent's park, which, although only a few minutes' run from Piccadilly, almost resembles a country mansion in an appropriately rural setting. She has been entertaining quietly in honor of her handsome stepmother, Mrs. Marshall Field, who is spending a few days at the Ritz hotel on her way home to the United States from Paris. As Mrs. Bently is a very keen rider to hounds, however, the probabilities are that she will return to the shires as soon as the

elections are over. I hear that she and her husband, Admiral Beatty, are building a hunting box near Melton Mowbray but in the meantime are the tenants for this season of Brooksbury, a place they have improved out of all recognition.

AMERICAN BUDS IN LONDON.

It is difficult to say how the upshot of the elections will affect the prospects of the season, but already it seems fairly certain that several of your most prominent debutantes of this winter will be coming over for their first introduction to London society in the course of the summer. I hear that Miss Taft will probably be the guest of the ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid at Dorchester house in the course of the summer, and that Mrs. John Dreghal is likely to bring over her debutante daughter to meet her English relatives, though as a hostess Mrs. John Dreghal herself is probably better known in Paris than in London. There is also some prospect of Mrs. George Gould bringing over her daughter for the coronation season, when she may take a house in town for a short term.

The announcement of the engagement of Lady Violet Manners, the duke and duchess of Rutland's pretty, if rather erratic, daughter, to the Hon. Hugo Charteris, the grandson and heir presumptive of that grand old man of the upper house, the earl of Wemyss, has, so tea-table gossip avers, come as a severe blow to a well known American sportsman, Alexander Smith Cochrane, who has spent several seasons over here for the hunting, and has made himself very popular in the shires. Last year he was the tenant of Hamilton Lodge, Lord Hamilton of Dalzell's hunting box, and entertained a good deal in excellent style as a bachelor. There was some talk last year of an engagement between Mr. Cochrane and Lady Violet, but in this case the wish on the gentleman's part was probably father to the rumor.

NOW PERMANENTLY SETTLED.

Mrs. Malvina Drummond, who was Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr., has now taken up her residence in Carlton House Terrace for the winter, but was out of town this week on a visit to Sir Julius and Lady Wernher at Luton Hoo. Mrs. Drummond has practically settled in England, for she has not been back to America since she went to wind up her establishment in Chicago after the tragic death of her husband, Marshall Field III. Her son, Marshall Field III, is rather a delicate boy and his state of health prevents his mother from living in America.

Princess Patricia of Connaught has added considerably to her collection of gems while she has been in South Africa. These are not necessarily valuable stones, but of the "semi-precious" order, on which she is quite an expert, and she has found some quaint and unusual specimens in her travels. This hobby she shared with her sister, the crown princess of Sweden, before the latter's marriage, but the crown princess has resigned her share in favor of her sister, her small family taking the place of her hobby now.

Both Princess "Pat" and her mother are skilled photographers, and they have taken many beautiful pictures in the clear air of South Africa which will make interesting additions to their albums. Unfortunately Princess Patricia suffered severely from the strong winds of their hasty journey, and was obliged to forego several expeditions and rest.

CHAPELS ON TRAINS.

Everybody knows that the Trans-Siberian railway is the most wonderful railway in the world, says a writer in the November Strand, but it is not generally known that the principal trains, among their other luxuries, have a chapel attached to them, and that a priest travels with the express. These chapels are quite handsome structures, paneled with wood and lavishly decorated and gaily. They are not only for the benefit of the passengers. At an appointed hour on Sundays the train halts at a wayside station, and the peasants living in the neighborhood flock to the service. Church and state did her mother and father, and was obliged to forego several expeditions and rest.

ROMANCE FROM A POLISH MONASTERY.

Monk Who Committed Murder and Sacrilege for the Love of a Woman
Soon to be Tried With His Accomplices.

(Special Correspondence.)
WARSAW, Dec. 19.—All Poland is waiting with keen interest for a criminal trial which is due to come off early in the new year, when a monk from the famous monastery of Czenstockowa, the Mecca of Poland, will be called on to answer to the charge of murder and a number of his associates will be charged with being his accomplices and with the theft of some of the wonderful jewels, the gifts of pious pilgrims to the famous "Virgin of Czenstockowa."

Millions of pious pilgrims journey yearly from all parts of eastern Europe to Czenstockowa where the monks are the guardians of the oldest and richest sacred picture in the world. This picture was taken from a Byzantine church in the fourteenth century and is, the legend says, the work of St. Luke. It is painted on cypress wood, which has become black with age. The face is marked by scars which were made by the Tartars during an invasion of Poland. Besides the many gems which were stolen, the picture still possesses three dresses, one worked in diamonds, one in pearls and the other in rubies. They are kept in the treasury of the monastery, which was inaccessible to the younger monks.

This holy place has been the scene of two terrible crimes—sacrilege and murder—both committed by members of the community of Pauline monks who have possessed the monastery for centuries. One crime was committed a year ago, when jewels worth \$3,000,000 were stolen from the picture. The mystery of the murder has only just been cleared up, though it took place last July, and only then did the police discover what had become of the jewels from the picture. The whole story reads more like some sensational detective novel than a page from real life.

Last July two hackney carriages were standing outside the monastery, waiting for fares. At about 2 o'clock, when, by the rules, all lights should be out and each monk in his cell, a servant emerged from the monastery and told the cabmen to drive up to the inner gateway. Thence came three men, carrying a large sofa, wrapped up in matting and bound with ropes, which they placed in one cab. A monk, whose white habit could easily be seen under his black cape, and the servant who had hired the cabs, got into the second, and gave orders to drive into the country. After going some miles the driver of the second cab said his horse was too tired to go any further, got a liberal fare, and turned back. The monk and his servant then got into the cab with the sofa and drove on. After a long drive they came to a river. The monk told the cabman to stop and help them to get the sofa into the river and when the cabman asked what all this meant, he received the reply, "Do as you are told by a servant of God." When the sofa was in the river the monk took the crucifix which hung by a rope at his side and made the cabman swear on it that he would never divulge what he had seen, and added, "What you have witnessed tonight has been done for the benefit of Christianity."

PEASANTS MAKE DISCOVERY.

Three days later some peasants fished out the sofa, opened it and saw that it contained the body of a man whose throat had been cut. The police failed to identify the corpse and although the cabman heard the story he kept his word and said nothing. Nobody suspected that the sofa had anything to do with Czenstockowa.

For nearly four months the police vainly searched for a clue. At last they found out that the wrappings on the sofa had come from Czenstockowa and the man to whom they were traced said he had sold them to a monk. Then another clue was found. The cabman got drunk in the presence of a detec-

tive and dropped hints that he knew more about the wrappings than most people, but could not tell it. He was arrested and, according to Russian procedure, beaten until he told the events of that July night. He said that he recognized the monk as one Father Damatus, whom he had seen often at the monastery, taking offerings from the pilgrims. At first the police thought he was lying and beat him again; but he persisted in his story and brought forward the other cabman, who corroborated it as far as he could. The police, much against their will, and still doubting the truth of what the men said, went up to the monastery and asked to see Father Damatus. The prior sent word to say that Father Damatus had left the monastery a fortnight before and had not returned, and that all his brother monks were very anxious about him.

The police then asked to see his cell, and the prior, although much surprised, consented. Behind the bed they found a blood-stained chopper, which one of the servants said had been there since the summer, and some false pearls. They then searched every nook of the cell, finding letters which proved that Damatus was on terms of close intimacy with a woman in Warsaw. She was none other than the wife of the murdered man, whom the police were now able to identify as Vaclav Macoch, once a postoffice clerk in Czenstockowa. Inquiries at Mrs. Macoch's flat in Warsaw elicited the information that she had left it a fortnight before and in the company of Father Damatus, whose white Pauline habit was found in her rooms.

PURSUED AND ARRESTED.

Father Damatus was arrested just as he had crossed the frontier to Austria territory; and Mrs. Macoch, who was to have joined him, was also locked up. The monk confessed his guilt almost immediately and told the story of the crime in calm, collected words. Other witnesses prove that his account is true in the main points.

As the son of a peasant he received a scanty education, but succeeded in becoming clerk to a commune near Czenstockowa. After a few years he applied to be admitted as a monk.

"The prior was never satisfied with my behavior," he told the police. "I was lazy and fond of going to Warsaw, where I and my two brother monks, Basil and Isidor, used to enjoy ourselves, dressed as ordinary citizens. Sometimes we went abroad for a week or two because we were free."

"Where did you get the money?" asked the magistrate.

"Father Basil and I used to steal it from the offerings left by pilgrims," he answered. "We had charge of the boxes and Father Basil had the key of the safe where it was kept. As there was no control we managed it very easily. I had a duplicate key made and helped myself. Within the last two years I took \$20,000 in this way. I do not know what Father Basil took."

When he was examined about the murder, he crossed his hands over his white habit and, looking straight in front of him, said:

"I will tell you the whole truth. I killed my cousin, Vaclav Macoch, because I was wildly jealous of him. He was the husband of the woman I loved. I met her some years ago, when she was a poor teacher of music in Lodz. I met her at a friend's house not far from the monastery. I fell in love with her and she returned my affection. I took her to Warsaw and gave her money enough to enable her to live like a lady. I often visited her and so that people should not gossip about us, she announced that she was my sister-in-law and a widow. I forged a marriage certificate and a certificate of her husband's death for that purpose. Nevertheless, people began to gossip, so I looked for a husband for her, to screen us. I asked my own brother

to marry her, but he refused, and soon afterwards he died. Then I asked my cousin, Vaclav Macoch, promising him enough money to enable him to give up his work. He consented, and I myself married them last June, in Warsaw; Father Basil helped me to tie the knot.

THE MURDER.

"But Vaclav was always wanting more money. One day he came to the convent and worried me for a larger sum. I refused to give it to him and we quarreled in my cell. It was night and I persuaded him to lie down on my bed. When he was asleep I took the chopper and half killed him with it. Then I absolved him from his sins, for I saw he was dying. But he took so long to die and cursed me so terribly that I finished him by strangling him with my own hands."

"He lay in my cell for that night and the whole day. At last, with the help of my servant I found an old sofa and we packed the body in it. After some weeks I did not think we should be found out; but I meant to leave the monastery, so as to be nearer the woman I love. Vaclav was very cruel to her; that is one reason why I killed him."

Damatus denies having robbed the picture of its gems; but the police have proofs that Mrs. Macoch sold a beautiful diamond to a Warsaw jeweler some months ago for \$900. They know that he could not possibly have kept Mrs. Macoch in the comfort she enjoyed upon the money stolen from the offerings. When she was arrested they found she had given a packet of gems to a friend to take care of and these have been identified as coming from the picture.

The case made out against her and Father Damatus by the police is this: Little by little, he robbed the picture of its almost priceless gems, replacing them by false stones, some of which were found in his cell. He sold the real ones with the help of his cousin who, being a postal clerk stationed near the Austrian frontier, easily disposed of them to some of the big Vienna dealers. In time, however, there were so many false stones round the picture that one of the monks, who was a judge of gems, complained to the prior that some foul play was going on. Then Father Damatus, Vaclav Macoch and one of the monastery servants, who is still at large, invented the story of the theft of the gems, which electrified Europe a year ago. The police searched vainly for the thieves outside the monastery, while all the time they were within its walls. Father Basil and Isidor, who are also in prison, say that the idea came from Father Damatus.

FEW NOW VISIT CHURCH.

After a time Vaclav Macoch, who had married the monk's sweetheart for a bride, began to get troublesome. When Father Damatus refused him money he threatened to publish the real facts of the sacrilegious theft. Then it was that Damatus murdered him. Basil and Isidor, whose cells are next to his, hearing the noise, entered and found out what had happened. Damatus never slept in his cell after the murder, but when he was in the monastery, spent the night either with Basil or with Isidor.

In searching Basil's cell the police found letters showing that he was on intimate terms with a woman of bad character who lives in Czenstockowa city. On searching her flat they found some jewels, which she says Basil gave her. These also have been identified as coming from the sacred picture. The woman's evidence proved that Father Isidor also had a sweetheart in the town, who was wearing some jewelry he had given her. As all three men are without private fortune, the story astonished the women themselves. Further inquiries showed the police that the prior of the monastery had a sweetheart in the town as well. The more orderly of the monks were very indignant at this state of things, and wished to reform the monastery, but before they could do so, Father Damatus committed the murder which made all these things public. The bishop of the diocese has taken the administration of the monastery and the charge of the picture from the monks, who now are without authority in their own church and cloister. Secular priests having replaced them. Since the discovery of the murder, however, few pilgrims have visited the church which is usually crowded all the year round.

KAJETAN DUNBAR.

Ashes of Napoleon II Are
To be Transferred to Paris

(Special Correspondence.)
PARIS, Dec. 21.—In the French senate there is a movement now under way to transfer the remains of "Napoleon II," from the crypt of the Capucine church in Vienna to the Hotel des Invalides at Paris.

Those Americans who have seen Sarah Bernhardt as "L'Aiglon" could not fail to have been touched by Rostand's poetic history of the life of Napoleon II, king of Rome. The babe whose christening was a coronation died an exile from his kingdom and his country.

On the 23rd of March, 1811, about 11 o'clock in the morning a chaise de poste entered Vienna at a terrific speed and drew up at the palace of the French ambassador. A young French officer descended, rushed into the presence of the ambassador and announced the birth of an heir to the throne of France. Although the crowd in general rejoiced, in the salons of aristocrats secret murmurings of annoyance were heard. One lady-in-waiting cynically remarked, "Bah! this proclaimed king of Rome in a few years will probably come here and be brought up by charity." This prediction hurled at Napoleon's heir proved only too true.

Three years later two carriages cautiously penetrated the wooded road of the park of Schoenbrunn; the first carriage contained the ex-Empress Marie Louise and the second one protected the young king of Rome who in the arms of Prince Trauttmanshoff was being taken to Vienna to be "brought up by charity" at the side of his grandfather, Emperor Francis II.

"I would rather see my son flayed alive than see him brought up as an Austrian prince," were the scathing words uttered by the banished Napoleon. Nevertheless "the Eagle" was not only brought up as an Austrian prince but he died as one. Metternich who negotiated the Marriage between Marie Louise and Napoleon, supervised his education. His instructors were made to distort history in order to keep from the child all knowledge of his father's greatness. Everything that would remind him of his own land was taken from him. Even his native tongue was forbidden him. His title was changed to the duke of Reichstadt. As the chroniclers of the times have told us, these were the conditions that encircled the short life of the fated Napoleon II.

In the words of "L'Aiglon":
"Alas! how near my cradle to my death bed!
And all my life lies in that narrow space."

... In that gap, too narrow and too dark,
Fate never let fall a single pin of glory."

The sacred love of the French people for their Little Corporal who attained such power cannot be over estimated. Consequently, it is not to be wondered at that they are agitating the removal of the ashes of their hero's son from his unwillingly adopted country to that in which he was born. During the present session of the chamber a bill will be introduced proposing that overtures be made to the Austrian government to allow the remains of Napoleon's son to be brought to Paris. This bill will be supported by all parties except the extreme left.

TO LIE BY HIS ANCESTORS.

Of course the remains of the duke of Reichstadt will be placed in the Hotel des Invalides where are the sarcophagi of the other members of Napoleon's family. The Invalides is one of the most celebrated monuments in France. It was founded under the regency of Louis XIV. So well proportioned is this vast building that one does not realize that it covers about 30 acres of ground and is large enough to accommodate 7,000 persons. It is here that soldiers who have been incapacitated for service are cared for at the expense of the state. The remoteness of the last war has reduced the number who are actually housed under its roof to about 175. Parts of the building have been devoted to other

purposes and not long ago the headquarters of the governor of Paris were transferred here.

The museum is an important factor in the large building. Its collection of ancient and modern implements of war—there are over 10,000 specimens—is perhaps the finest in the world.

Not until 20 years after the completion of the Hotel des Invalides was the crowning glory of this edifice constructed. The majestic, gilded dome, towering over the city like a sentinel on guard was completed in 1735. When Napoleon III saw Paris on the eve of a revolution he gave the order, "regild the dome and distract the people." Directly under the dome is the tomb of Napoleon. At one side of the circular crypt where is placed the sarcophagus of Napoleon, seven out of a single block of porphyry, it is proposed to place the tomb of "L'Aiglon," king of Rome. The sheltering dome already protects the tombs of the Bonaparte brothers who were set upon thrones by the ambitious emperor, Joseph Bonaparte, king of Spain, and Jerome Bonaparte, king of Westphalia.

A glowing tribute is paid to two of Napoleon's most faithful friends, Duroc and Bertrand, whose sarcophagi are behind the high altar. Bertrand's decorations make the monument an object of a trusting dog to his master; during Bonaparte's captivity at St. Helena, Bertrand willingly shared his life of solitude.

The faint bluish light admitted from above serves to enhance the grandeur of the scene, a light which in itself is enhanced by the juxtaposition of the amber light which falls on the altar. The Invalides is surrounded by spacious grounds that contain many notable statues. On one side is the "Triumphal Battery," placed directly behind the altar; on important occasions it is used for complete the permanent and attractive grounds that contain many notable statues. On one side is the "Triumphal Battery," placed directly behind the altar; on important occasions it is used for complete the permanent and attractive grounds that contain many notable statues.

TELLS A STORY OF COMBAT.
This dark, silent army of war souvenirs tells the story of Napoleon's hard fought campaigns. Two remarkable cannons are those from Coochin China, while the elegant Algerian cannons with their decorative Arabic inscriptions make the monument an attractive display. Austrian cannons cast in Vienna in 1811 and 1850, Prussian guns first captured by the Austrians in 1757 and later brought with 2,533 cannon from Vienna by Napoleon, and a swivel gun from Wurtemberg, a masterpiece of carving dated 1590, are a few of the formidable weapons in the Invalides grounds, reminiscent of Napoleon's greatness.

Before his death in Austria Napoleon II lamented:

"My funeral will be ugly, mummbling women;
Lacocks with torches; droning Capu-
cines; and then they'll lock me in their crypt—and then!"

and now—he is to come into his own at last, by the side of his father among the people he also "loved so well."

ELLIS BOREL.

AMERICAN HOSPITAL A SUCCESS.

One year after its official opening, and six months after its first admission of patients, the American hospital of Paris has won no little renown as the best equipped hospital in this city, and, considering its size and purpose, it is unexcelled by any hospital in the world. Many things are still required to carry out the plans of its founders, and especially is there need of money for complete the permanent endowment of the institution, but its work is well started, and its founders are convinced that its existence is fully justified by the number of persons who have sought treatment there.

The primary purpose of the founders of the hospital was to provide a place where an American living in Paris or traveling could, if taken ill, be sure of being cared for by attendants speaking his own language and doctors educated in American methods.—Paris edition New York Herald.

SHARKS AS FOOD.

Recent investigation has revealed the fact that the common shark forms no inconsiderable item in the food of fish-eating folk along the shores of the North sea. The consumption last year amounted to nearly a million pounds weight.

The fish naturally does not come to market under its proper name, but is first skinned or pickled in strips and in this form is sold as sea eel. The sharks are captured as they pursue herring or mackerel shoals or lie in wait for ray and plaice along the coasts.

Another coarse and contemptible fish, the pike, is also eaten in large quantities under the name green bones, so-called because of the intense ashen green color the pike's bones take on when smoked. On the shores of the Baltic the devilfish is marketed under the high-sounding designation sturgeon trout.—New York Sun.